(2).

THE TRIBE OF ISSACHAR:

Or, the

ASS COUCHANT.

A

POEM.

LONDON,
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The Arms of the Family of *Iſſachar*.

Behold how low the Couchant Beaſt does kneel,
And the Dead Weight of the vaſt Burthen feel:
Paſſive and Dull, without a Kick moves on,
Nor dares at leaſt beneath the Burthen groan.
Its Pious Drivers force it on the way,
What Crafty Knaves Command, Dull Fools Obey.

XUM

The Epistle to the Reader.

IT could be wish'd that the Manners of Men were such, that there might be no occasion for Satyr, *and that the Modern Poets might, like the Ancient* Bards, *employ their Pens in easie* Pastoral, *or in reciting the Victorious Acts of their* Heroes: *But as Heroick Poesie has given an Immortal Name to* Homer, *as to his redoubted Hero* Achilles, *so has* Juvenal *obtain'd a Name no less Glorious, by lashing the Crimes and Villanies of a Degenerate Age: It must be confest, that we have too far imitated the Ancient People of* Rome *in their Degeneracy, tho' we have fallen far short in the imitation of the Pattern of their Illustrious Worthies.*

I perswade my self, no true Englishman *can be Angry, if he find the Enemies of his Country reprehended in the following Poem: The Heathens themselves have been so fond of their Liberties, and so jealous of losing them, that to secure them, they have often Sacrific'd their Lives, and Dy'd in the Field, to secure their Native Rights to their Posterity. What Reflection then can be severe enough on such, who pretend to be the Purest Sort of Protestants, and yet so fond of an Arbitrary Government, that they contrive all means possible to subject themselves to a Despotick Power, and Entail a Miserable Vassalage upon their Posterity? We may truly say of them, as the Poet does of Uxorious Mankind,*

Surely their Heads unpeopl'd are with Brains,
Who Hug their Fetters and Embrace their Chains.

Indeed these Couchant Asses, *are fitter Subjects for a Man's Pity, than his Revenge, as being a number of Fools led by the Nose, by a Party of Crafty Knaves: But he does no ill Service in the Field, who Shoots the Horse, tho' the Rider escape; Our Knaves would have but a very ill Trade, had they no Fools to bear their Burthens, and undergo the Drudgery of their Enterprise.*

The Epistle to the Reader.

It is hardly to be Credited, that a Company of Men shou'd so infamously endeavour to Subvert the Government that secures them in those Priviledges, that have been immemorially the Rights of their Ancestors, and sully the Reputation of a Prince, *that has done so much to save them from Oppression: One would think they might be asham'd to bear those odious Marks of Ingratitude towards a Prince, that has not only sav'd them from Tyranny, but screen'd them from the Justice of the Law, against which they were Criminals: I may put the Question to them in the very words of the Petition to the Petitioners,* Whether this is not a blessed Troop to cry out of the Invasion of their Rights and Priviledges, who receiv'd a Right to what they call their Priviledges by a very late Act of *Oblivion*, and live by the mercy of the Government; and have a Being, because forgiven: That are unhang'd, not because they deserv'd it not, but because they were not rewarded as they deserved; who in requital of this indulgence, embarrass the Government, by disturbing their Majesties affairs, and obstructing the quiet and happy Settlement of the Nation.

It could heartily be wish'd, these Gentlemen, who are so fond of a French *Government, wou'd be pleas'd to transport themselves to the other side of the Water, where they may enjoy their belov'd Slavery; for I am apt to perswade my self, that they will never be able to gain a Majority to entitle him they desire to a Government here.*

As to the performance of the Poem, *I beg the Reader to overlook the* Eratta's *with an impartial Eye:* It's a hard matter to write of a Fool without the Poem's having a Tincture of dulness in't. *But the* Ass *you know is so unseemly a Beast, that it requires so curious touches of the Pencil to delineate it: If the* Asses *kick, I have my End, and for the Knaves, I neither love nor fear them.*

On

ON THE SUBJECT Of the following POEM.

WIse Jacob's Prescience his Sons Fate foresaw,
How each Gas doom'd by the Eternal Law;
Who should by Virtue his old Stock adorn,
And who like Slaves or Knaves would prove his Scorn.

Simeon *and* Levi; *let us name them first*
Of all the Twelve, the only Two be first
Men fam'd for Blood; *for* Cruelty *as much*
Their very Natures *and their* Trade *was such:*
And through all Ages have been still the same,
Keep to their Nature though they lose their Name.
Joseph *by fruitful Issue leads the way,*
But Judah *must the mighty* Scepter *sway.*
Dan *he must judge, and* Gad *must learn to fight;*
But thick Scull'd Issachar's *a* Jacobite:
His Hams *are* supple, *but his* Joints *are* strong,
Fit to be loaded, and be lasht along;

And

And in the Halter he himself hath ty'd,
(All else being free) good Lord set him aside,
For some Lewd Courtier *or a* Priest *to ride:*
Expos'd with guilt, void both of sense and wit,
And on his Forehead let his Crimes be writ.
The Bane *of* Charters; *Plague of every* Town;
The Churches Gib-Cat, *and the* Court Buffoon;
The Nation's Foe, an Enemy to Kings,
Excepting such who Plagues *and* Slavry *brings,*
The Parsons speaking Trumpet; *bid to tell*
French Laws, *and* Rome's *damn'd* Faith *do all excel:*
This is the Foe (that never will repent)
The Courage, Sense, *and all* Good Government.
Wise Egypt *suffer'd what she underwent*
By Force, but never beg'd the Punishment:
And if you'll but observe, where'r you pass,
You'l find none doom'd for Slaves as this Beast *was,*
Nor none but Levi's Tribe *to lead this* Ass.
Let them henceforth ne're prosper till they mend,
And Curst Confusion their Curst Deeds *attend:*
Let Horror *fright their* Souls; *and* Rest *depart;*
Yet so much Sense remain to feel this smart:
Let all their secret Treasons *be unvail'd,*
And from their Hope *all Expectations fail'd,*
And Egypt's Curses *to the* Brood *intail'd.*

THE

THE Tribe of Issachar:

Or, the Asse Couchant.

WHen Father *Jacob* on his Death-bed lay,
And was removing from his House of Clay,
He Summon'd all his Children, good and ill,
To take his Blessing, and to hear his Will:
To all his Sons he did declare their doom,
That from their Loins as many *Tribes* shou'd come.
Simeon and *Levi* were of all the worst,
Blest by Old *Jacob*, but by God Accurst.
Let not their Bloody Fact in Gath *be told,*
Nor thou, my Soul! their Secret Councils hold;

For they were Cruel, and Averſe to Good,
And Curſt their Progeny with Stains of Blood:
But Senſeleſs *Iſſachar*, a Couchant *Aſs*,
To all the other Tribes a Servant was.
A num'rous Drove did from his Loins ariſe,
(For Fools are better Breeders than the Wiſe.)
Theſe thought that Freedom was the worſt of pains,
Careſs'd the weight, and lov'd the noiſe of *Chains*:
Rods they admir'd, did for Bondage crave,
And thought the only Free-Man was a Slave;
Of theſe Perfidious *Tola* was the firſt,
A Name to this and future Ages curſt:
Of Noble Birth and Dignity poſſeſt,
With all the Goods of Fertile Nature bleſt;
His Predeceſſors were in Story known,
And near Ally'd to Great *Judea*'s Crown:

The

The Royal Bounty did Exalt his Name,
Encreas'd his Treasure, and Enlarg'd his Fame:
David for him his Harp has often strung,
And *Tola*'s Praises in just Numbers sung,
Gave him Dominion in a Fruitful Soil,
And all the Sweets of Pow'r without the Toil;
He like a *Monarch* not a *Vice-Roy* stood,
Of all the Lands beyond lov'd *Jordan*'s Flood;
But thoughts of Sway so much Exalt the mind,
They Murder Virtue, and strike Justice blind:
If *Tola* had his Pow'r with Justice Sway'd,
And Virtues Precepts as He Rul'd Obey'd,
He never had the Peoples Rights Betray'd.
But had oppos'd the Damn'd *Egyptian* Cheat,
And serv'd the Country that had made him Great:

But Foolish Loyalty, and want of Sense,
Made *Tola* sell his Conscience to his Prince.
What Man of Honour wou'd have quit the place,
To be possest by the *Egyptian* Race?
Have Till'd the Pastures, and have Sown the Seed,
For that Immortal *Booby* did Succeed?
How far some Men exceed the bounds of Sense,
To prop the Pow'r of a *Tyrant Prince!*
Who when a juster Monarch wears the Crown,
The Peoples Voice and God's alike disown!
Run mad in Plots, fomenting private Jars,
Imbroil the Nation in Intestine Wars!
These were our *Tola's* ways, these paths he went,
But Heav'n his Mischiefs did in time prevent,
And made Him Pris'ner to the Government.

Condemn'd to Fetters, where no Freedom is,
May He enjoy the *Issacharian* Bliss,
And then receive the just Reward of Fate,
For all the Plots were formed by his hate.

But still in Plots to ruine States and Lands,
Heads are as requisite as many Hands;
Some Men of Arts, and some of Arms combine,
And all in one Cabal of Treason join;
No more for Art we *Tola* do prefer,
Than *Uzzi* for a faithful Messenger.
Uzzi, not pleas'd with his too mean Estate,
But Proud and Haughty, aiming to be Great;
Still Blaming Fortune, that his Lot had cast
In other Regions, Desolate and Waste;
A Bit of Promis'd Land he valu'd here,
Beyond a Province and its Profits there;

Bereft of Goodneſs, and pufft up with Hate,
Reſolv'd to ruine, or embroil the State,
All Helliſh Induſtry and Art did uſe,
To make curſt *Pharaoh* Maſter of the *Jews*,
Employ'd to bear what Rebell *Jews* had writ,
And their Deſigns to *Pharaoh*'s care commit,
But Heav'n ſoon diſcover'd all the Cheat.
When will our murmuring *Iſrael* amend,
And their great Sins, and hot Contentions end?
When will their Praiſe from gladſom Lips reſound,
And praiſe their Maker did their Freedom found?
Whilſt *Uzzi* to hard durance is confin'd,
If Goals and Fetters Plotting Men can bind.
But *Adoniram* does the number ſwell,
In Sin and Treachery as much excell:
Rais'd by his Country, and with Titles grac'd,
Above the Rank of his Fore-Fathers plac'd; His

His vast Dominion was the boundless Sea,
On which all other Nations did obey;
Had Warlike Ships built to preserve the Land,
And hardy *Argonauts* at his Command;
With such our ancient Marriners did fire
The Ships of *Tarshish*, and the Ships of *Tyre*;
But now behold our Fame and Honour lost,
And batter'd Ships come reeling to our Coast;
The proud *Egyptian* Lording o'er the Main;
Such Acts of Cowardise our Lawrels stain.
Perfidious *Adoniram!* can I give
A greater Curse, than wish thee still to live?
Live in Contempt, in Poverty, and Shame,
Till Children now unborn shall curse thy Name.

If bloody *Hazael* shou'd escape my Pen,
'Twould scarce be thought a pardonable Sin! What

What though no Patrimony he can boaſt,
Nor any Blood, but what h'as ſpilt or loſt;
His bloody Facts for merit ſhall be heard,
If Villains for their Crimes are e'er rever'd;
In *Ethiopia* firſt his Sword he drew,
And weak defenceleſs *Moors* by Thouſands ſlew:
The Gods themſelves, nor Humane Kind he fear'd,
His Cruelty nor Age, nor Sex has ſpar'd;
Has ſent the Father to the darkſom Tomb,
And ript the reaking Infant from the womb.
When his lewd Fame does through *Judea* ring,
Why ſhould a modeſt *Muſe* his Actions ſing?
But ſlaughter'd *Abſalom!* thy Blood does call,
Nor muſt be unreveng'd thy Funeral!
Not thy defeat, nor ſingle death alone,
Cou'd Malice ſtop, or thy ſmall Crimes attone;

Thy

Thy *Heroes*, now disarm'd, must feel the rage
And Impious Fury of an Iron Age.
But *Hazael*——curst be the Name and Race!
The greatest Brute e'er wore a humane Face;
He still unsatisfy'd with Humane Gore,
Always drank on, and thirsted still for more;
A yielding Foe his pity wou'd not spare,
But made the Land an *Amphitheater*.
No *Gladiator* with his Sword and Shield
Came on the Sand, and challeng'd to the Field:
But Men, like Sheep devour'd upon the Plain,
In *Hazael's* wicked Mirth and Rage were slain.
Not melting Beauty cou'd his heat asswage,
Nor Youth cou'd urge, nor poor decrepit Age;
Not weeping Mothers cou'd his pity move,
Nor poor confiding Daughters forc'd to love;

He firſt debauch'd the Siſter in the Night,
Then hang'd the Brother in th' approaching Light;
Yet *Hazael* boaſts of ſome Religion too,
And helps the Church, the Nation to undo.
The *Levites* praiſe him, and ſupport his Hand,
And expect Bleſſings from his Promis'd Land:
The Pious Juggle is his great pretence,
But Men of Arms are ſeldom Men of Sence.
The Pagan Heroes did their Swords embrew,
And fought for Heathen Deities, as true.
If they for Wooden Gods ſlew Men as Beaſts,
Why ſhould not *Hazael* fight for Wooden Prieſts?
If the Lewd Prieſts ſuch Sanctity will grant,
My Creed ſays, *Belzebub* may be a Saint.

Nor ſhall wiſe *Shimron*, the juſt laſh eſcape,
The Clergy's Jeſter, and the Courtiers Ape, Was

Was born a Blockhead, nor by Art improv'd,
By *Tories* ſlighted, nor by *Whiggs* belov'd;
The bad contemn him, hated by the beſt,
And none adore the Blockhead, but the Prieſt.
When *Shimron* in the *Sanhedrin* did ſit,
He often ſpoke without one word of Wit;
But his Mad Talk was to promote the Cheat,
That makes the People ſmall, and Clergy great.
When for the Nations good the Commons meant,
To let our Hides to other Lands be ſent,
The Exportation Bill he did oppoſe,
And thought the Commons were the Clergy's Foes;
Elſe better care of Leather they had took,
To bind up Prayers, and the Service-Book;
At length he was excluded on pretence,
He was not yet arriv'd to Years of Sence;

When droves of Aſſes at the *Devil* meet,
Where Fools and Knaves do uſe to Drink and Eat,
Where mighty things are ſpoke, or thought, or meant,
But all ſtill levell'd at the Government;
With loud *Huzza's* theſe *Shimron's* Wit aver,
And to the Chair the talking Fop prefer;
The antient Trade they have not yet forgot,
The firſt thing is to Club, and then to Plot.

Let wicked *Puah* next aſcend the Stage,
Whoſe very looks would taint a Virtuous Age;
Puah, who whilome did the Scriptures uſe,
And liv'd and worſhip'd with *Diſſenting Jews*;
With Canting Note that eaſie Sect betray'd,
And from the way the Zealous Herd miſled,
By Magick Art divining *Puah* ſaw,
The Goſpel ſoon muſt truckle to the Law; He

He blam'd Religion, did its Zealots guide,
O're ſteepy Hills and Regions waſte and wide;
Thro' narrow Paths, and rugged ſtill and low,
Here Chriſt he left, and his Religion too;
The Law accepts him, by Injuſtice ſway'd,
He ſoon a progreſs had in Lewdneſs made;
Did great in Titles, as in Profits ſwell,
And was made *Judge* of num'rous *Iſrael*!
Some Men to Virtue their alliance boaſt,
Yet uſe their Vices at the People's coſt;
Give but a place, his Head with Honour Crown,
And ſoon the *Knave*, or *Honeſt-man* is known!
Puah 'till now had been a precious *Saint*,
Had talk'd of Grace, and fill'd our Ears with Cant,
Had not Preferment prov'd a ſollid Jeſt,
Thrown off the Veil, and ſhew'd the nauſeous Beaſt:

Now

Now like a Renegade his pow'r does uſe,
To plague his Brethren the diſſenting *Jews*;
Murders the Law to murder ſuch as preach,
And makes a Meeting to a Riot reach;
Some plagu'd with Fines, others in durance bound,
With *Mammon's* Coin muſt for their Faith compound.
If you admit of Tyrant Kings, ne'er grudge,
If he do plague you with a Tyrant Judge.
Fortune, a Jilt, obſerves inconſtant Rules,
Does ſometimes raiſe, as oft depreſs the Fools.
The Tyrant ſafe the ſtormy Billows cut,
And on *Egyptian* Strand did ſet his Foot;
But e're black *Puah* cou'd obtain the Coaſt,
The deep deſign of his Eſcape was loſt.
The noiſie Rabble ſaw the Monſter near,
And of a dreadful *Black-Smith* late did hear,

Who

Who made a Gridiron in his *Cyclops* Den,
To broyl by Scores the honest sort of Men;
They thought the Judge must needs the *Vulcan* be,
By all the Marks he had of Cruelty;
They seiz'd the *Monster* with impatient heat,
Nor knew at first the *Villain* was so great.

Proceed my Muse! another Story tell,
Relate the Story of damn'd *Michael*:
Not *Michael* who sings in Heav'ns bright Sphere,
Nor he, who guards our Priestly Churches here;
This with the Tribe of *Issachar* did pass,
A potent *Uzzite* and a *Couchant Ass*.
The Sot when young had wondrous signs of Grace,
For gloomy dullness play'd about his Face,
And gave good *Omens* he would serve his Race.

What

What though the Rabble ſay his Stock was mean,
And that his riſe has from a *Hoſier* been!
Let not the *Mob* his groveling Birth relate,
He's only happy that is rais'd by Fate.
All Trades, Profeſſions, and Religions too
Has *Michael* try'd——
Sometimes his heat of Zeal ſo far wou'd reach,
That he amongſt Diſſenting *Jews* would preach:
For Chaſtity, he thought 'twas ſcarce a Grace,
But drunk and whor'd with *Levi*'s ſtubborn Race.
How many Plagues from one Wife ſometimes grow,
Yet rampant *Michael* he cou'd marry two;
Cou'd pleaſe 'em both, and give 'em ſtore of Pelf,
Yet love his Female Neighbour as himſelf:
He boldly puſh'd, nor fear'd a foul miſhap;
His Phyſick skill cou'd ſodder up a Clap.

Can

Can Gally-Pots and Glasses both produce,
The Doctor's Cure and Cuckoldizing Juice;
Micha'el well knew by Arts not understood,
What Drugs wou'd sweeten and augment the Blood.
Such Skill in Arts, and such abounding Sence,
Gain'd *Micha'el* soon the Favour of his Prince.
Whose Bounty so encreast his Fame and Store,
Not both his wanton Wives cou'd wish for more.
All lesser Villains at the Court out-ran,
And soon did mount to be Chief *Publican.*
Grown Rich with Bribes, and dreſt in awful State,
Greatly he at Receipt of Custom sate;
No little Rogue durst now divulge his Crime,
This wanton Leacher had a glorious time.
As oft as *Waiter* does on Shipboard come,
As oft does *Micha'el* Cuckold him at home:

His mighty *Nimrod* cover'd was with Scars,
Not got in *Mars*'s, but in *Venus* Wars;
This made him think, that *Michael* might do,
To be his *Councellor* and *Doctor* too:
They manag'd buſineſs at ſo lew'd a rate,
They pox'd the Government, and clapt the State;
And made themſelves to Foreign Troops a Prey,
Then, by the light they kindled run away.

Nor muſt dull *Obadiah* be forgot,
Who ne're had ſence enough to make a Plot:
A Bull-fac'd *Uzzite* of the Couchant Stem,
The Virtue of the *Tribe*'s preſerv'd in him;
He ne're to thought, nor meaning made pretence,
And his Eſtate is equal to his Sence;
Yet ſleeps in *Sanhedrin*, and walks to Court,
And is like a *Jackpudding* kept for Sport; The

The Church's *Bravo*, and the *Parsons Knight*,
He, like themselves, was never Skill'd in Fight.
If he some dull *Toledo* chance to draw,
He lets it fall from his unsteady paw;
If Cudgel'd well; his trusty *Pancho* goes
Before the *Knight*, to guard him from his Foes,
With Arms deep charg'd for mortal feud, and thus
He got the *Name* of Sir *John Blunderbuss*.
His want of Wit so much does raise his Zeal,
That he to *Priests*, as unto *Saints* does kneel.
For want of Sence, we certainly account,
Is as a Stirrup for the Priest to mount.
For who but Fools, and such as Reason lack,
Would stoop, and bear their Servants on their back?
Drudge on, Damn'd Fool, and the dull Slavry feel,
Bear, if thou wilt, thy burthen down to Hell.

Of the dull Cits, let *Jashub* lead the Van,
By Nature form'd more like an *Ass*, than Man!
His early years did good Presages give,
That he in Age to Lewdness wou'd arrive.
A hard Fatigue he ne're approv'd in Fights,
But War he wag'd against our Civil Rights,
'Twas from his Loins did spring the *Jashubites*;
A Dull, Insipid, Unperforming Race,
Of Sence bereft, and Strangers unto Grace:
A noisy Rabble of unthinking Fops,
Bred up in gloomy Kennels, some call Shops:
Born to be Cheats, and by wild Nature made
T'improve in nothing, but some Knavish Trade;
A Troop of *Cuthelds*, a well Horned Band,
These, *Jashub*, these, thou lately didst Command.

When

When like ſome *Captain-Ram* thou walk'dſt along,
Strutting in front of the leſs Horned Throng,
With an *Addreſs* as odious, as 'twas long.
Had then the *Sanhedrin*, as you been Mad,
We might e're this curſt *Egypt's King* have had.
Our *Iſrael's* Monarch, of unqueſtion'd right,
Ne're lov'd the *Genius* of a *Jaſhubite*;
Nor does his Government renew their Sport,
Or fill their Coffers from a laviſh Court:
But, Oh! their Wives, their Jilting Wives at home!
They Sigh and Languiſh underneath their Doom:
The *Abdication* has their Pleaſures croſt,
And all their Tricks with Quality are loſt;
From Scenes of Bliſs, they in their *Alcoves* mourn,
And wiſh their Princes, and their Joys return.

Of

Of *Jaſhub*'s Sons, my Muſe, the Story tell,
Relate the Legend of Wiſe *Shemuel*;
Who ne're cou'd Act, nor Speak, nor Think aright,
But is in every thing a *Jaſhubite:*
He labours hard to cleanſe and rinſe his Tub,
To brew ſtrong Liquors for dull *Jaſhub*'s Club:
The drudging Beaſt takes not a little pains
To find them Liquor, tho' not paid for Grains;
Lord! what a precious thing is want of Brains!
But who wou'd think that *Shemuel* ſhou'd be
The other Hope of *Jaſhub*'s Family!
From whoſe wiſe Conduct they their Riſe will date,
When *Shemuel* is made Chief Magiſtrate.
They think it long, although the time draws dear,
And curſe the tardy Minutes of the Year:

They

They to the Chair have chalk'd him out the way,
And all provide for the auſpicious day:
And that he then with Majeſty may look,
It's ſaid he has much longer cut his Cloak.

Now fooliſh *Joel* from oblivion paſs,
Thou common Coxcomb, and thou City *Aſs!*
Nature on him an ugly Meen did place,
And th' Arms of *Iſſachar* upon his Face;
With lengthen'd Ears, and a thick harden'd Skull,
You in his very Face may read the Fool.
Not many years ago the Sot did ſtand
As Head and Chief of the *Pretorian* Band,
The City's Plague, and Bane of all the Land.
Joel, the greateſt Blochead of the Tribe,
Surrender'd all their Rights without a Bribe.

In

In vain is Liberty where Cowards Rule;
That City's curſt, whoſe Governour's a Fool.
Sometimes he for Diverſion out wou'd paſs,
A mighty Hunter as his *Nimrod* was:
He wou'd not truſt the rudeneſs of his Horſe,
Nor venture Knighthood on ſo hard a courſe:
But by the ſide of an adjacent Wood,
With a ſtern Look and Manly Courage ſtood,
With boldeſt Heart, and diſpoſſeſs'd of Fear,
When deep-mouth'd Hounds and grizly *Paſs* ran near;
He thank'd the Deſtinies, that kept him ſafe,
And that the *Hare* did not devour the *Calf*.
No Artful Speech by him was e'er expreſs'd,
Yet thinks as wiſely as do all the reſt;
Whilſt *Bedlam Deborah* the Prophiteſs,
Inſtructs the Noddle of the Couchant *Aſs*;

With

With frantick Notions does his mind perplex,
And makes him talk as wisely as her Sex.

Faint not, my weary Muse, at last, but write,
Ishiah's Praise, tho' gloomy as the Night.
'Tis strange the Fop cou'd ne'er his Wit refine,
Who trades in Hogsheads of *Egyptian* Wine.
He with *Extents* an Old *Egyptian* Yoak,
In few years time has Eighty Vintners broke.
Much like some *Bacchus* does his Liquors prove,
And what he gets in Wine, he spends in Love.
A common *Stallion* does all Beauties try,
No *Bride* can please, nor *Woman* satisfy;
Scar'd with the Pox, his *Wife* is forc'd to hire
Some trading *Mistresses* to cool his Fire.
Gets him fresh *Miss* to please the Leacherous Imp,
'Tis strange a Wife shou'd ever prove a Pimp.

The *Jews* had never ſuch a Magiſtrate,
So ſmall in Sence, in Antick Tricks ſo great.
His *Shrivial* Duty he perform'd as well
As thoſe who make the *Iſraelites* Rebell;
And diligent Care he of their *Houſes* took,
Who Drunk, by night his Neighbours Windows broke.

A num'rous Herd beſide ſhou'd here take place,
Of the ſame Tribe, and Brethren of the Race.
Villains of all Degrees and Qualities,
Well verſt in Treaſons, and in forming Lies.
'Tis an *Herculean* labour to recite
Their Names too tedious for a Muſe to write:
To laſh their Follies is an endleſs work,
It is to cleanſe a *Moor*, and Chriſtianize a *Turk*.
And where's the *Muſe* will thus it ſelf demean,
To make this vile *Augean* Stable clean? (Not

(Not Lechers ty'd to *Dyet-Drink* and Rules,
Are plaug'd like Poets when they write of Fools)
Unless some *Marvel* from the dead arise,
And lay their crying Sins before their Eyes,
Scarce wou'd the terrour of the Ghost prevail,
Nor *Mene tekel* writ upon the Wall.
No Wit, no Terror, can these Men convince,
Like Feinds, are harden'd in Impenitence.
A Brood ungracious, and agreed with Hell,
They with their Tribe its scorching Borders fill.
Thus to the Prophet 'twas of old reveal'd,
That not one Tenth of their vast numbers seal'd.

To them large Provinces on Earth are giv'n,
But scarce a Corner or an *Inch* in Heav'n.
If this vile Tribe wou'd let the rest alone,
And by themselves beneath the Burden groan,
We'd let the *Asses* quietly jog on.

But since their Lewdness is so far design'd,
As to Debauch the rest of Humane Kind;
To force each Mortal to expose his Ears,
And shape his Shoulders and his Back to theirs;
Will make Religion and the Laws a Jest,
And own no Leader but a Knavish Priest;
Will the Imposture and its Father Sing,
And both the *Plagues* from *Hebron*'s Coast wou'd bring,
And wou'd Depose our Lawful, Rightful King.
What honest *English Man* wou'd baulk his Pen,
But lash the Villains, and make known their Sins.

FINIS.